

Benton

Weekly

Record.

VOL. IX.

BENTON, MONTANA SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884.

NO 28

A STORY OF RUSSIA.

Six months ago a letter came to me from afar in an unknown hand, and, as I read it, a flood of memories came over me which carried me backward even to the night of the "Derby" of '68. And those who were the young and foolish, and revelled with the merry maidens of the moonbeam in the pleasant groves of Cremorne, I was one, and my friend Ivan Volchow, a Russian, another. And as the dawn drew nigher grew the wail of the violas, and under flew the feet of the dancers and under rose the voices of the reprobates who thronged the alleys and the bars.

Meanwhile, away from the "maddening crowd," three young men are sauntering along a path. Farther on, beneath the shadow of the tree upon a bench, is a woman. She is in mourning, and, as they pass her by, a shaft of moonlight piercing the foliage illuminates her face. There must have been something in that face remarkable, for they all stared at it for a moment.

"What a lovely girl!" then said one of the party—Ivan.

"Smiling, I should say, at all events, no English," observed another—Frank Grant.

"Ask her to supper," said Ivan to him.

The lady was leaning forward, her eyes fixed upon the ground, which, with her parasol, she was absentedly scooping in eccentric semicircles. As Frank spoke to her, she looked up into his face for a moment, then, without a word, resumed her occupation.

"Now it is your turn, Ivan," said I—the third of the trio.

The Russian immediately advanced and said something in English. At the sound of his voice the woman looked up again, and answered not. Then he uttered a few words more in a foreign tongue, upon which she smiled and made room for him beside her. Thereupon we walked away.

"I can't make it out," said Frank, as he twisted his mustache sulkily.

Half an hour later I found them still together. "May I ask why you snubbed our man and welcomed the other?" I ventured to say to the lady.

"This gentleman," she replied, "is a Russian, and so I."

"To speak Russian as I presume he did—is then a sufficient introduction to a Russian lady?" I said.

"Not so. He let me know that he is one of us. That was enough."

"One of us? I do not understand."

"I am not surprised at that," said the lady.

Three months later I met Ivan again.

"How is your friend, the lady in mourning?" I asked.

"Judith is well," he answered quietly.

"You know her name, then?"

"Yes, and more. She is the widow of a compatriot."

"Who and what was he?"

"Well, he appears to have been one of those morbid growths of civilization which abound now—the financial fungus. Born in a slum in St. Petersburg, he died in a cell at Portland, after having lived a gutter-grandee, in a palace here. Rich at one time beyond words, he still hungered after more gold. In attempting, however, what was to have been the final coup, he fell—heavily. To recover himself he broke the law, and then the law broke him."

"And Judith—is she equally ambitious?"

"Far more so, but in a different fashion. Judith is what you would call a fool or a fanatic. But she is, in fact, one of those rare beings who devote their lives to the service of humanity—one of those pioneers of progress who hold that, as every movement of humanity toward a higher development has had its dreamers, its zealots, and its martyrs, so also, in order to arouse her fellows from their moral torpor, men must be found—aye, and women, too—able and willing to awaken their dormant intelligence by words and to kindle their benighted enthusiasm by deeds. To be of this chosen band, this forlorn hope of prophets, of workers, and, if needs be, of sufferers, is the ambition of Judith Volchow."

"You don't mean to tell me that this woman is your wife?"

"We were married last week."

This was the letter:

IRKUTSK, Siberia, May 1, 1883.

To Sir Arthur Bramley, Bart, London—

My Dear Sir: Although our acquaintance is but slight, I feel sure that the affection my Ivan entertained for you up to the last was so fully reciprocated that you will bear with me when I beg of you a favor.

Yes, up to the last, for he, indeed, is no more. Three months ago another of your people was brought to trial, and that other was your friend—my beloved.

And the favor I would ask of you is that you will be the guardian of his son, for soon he will be motherless, as well as without a father.

The boy is at Harrow, and it is my desire that his father's fate should now be revealed to him. Perhaps when he arrives at man's estate his heart will be filled by the same enthusiasm for the cause which sustained Ivan Volchow even up to the very steps of the scaffold. Such, at any rate, is my prayer.

Farewell, Sir Arthur. Do not answer

this letter, for it will not reach me. Believe that I am so confident of your goodness that I shall die consoled by the conviction that for your friend's sake you will not fail to carry out my wishes with regard to his son. Yours sincerely,

JUDITH VOLCHOW.

P. S.—This letter will be conveyed by hand to Europe and then posted.

I knew that Ivan Volchow had been mixed up with the proceedings of the revolutionary party. And as it was only at St. Petersburg that I was likely to learn the particulars of his fate, I went there at once. His case had excited unusual interest on account of his defense of the principles of Nihilism, as well as of other circumstances connected with his death. Thus he was reported to have spoken:

"My Lord—Judges—I have been found guilty of high treason, and guilty I admit that I am. And in due course, accordingly, I shall suffer death. As, however, my countrymen are for the most part ignorant of the motives of my crime, let me now explain to them from my point of view. Russia presents itself to me in two aspects. On the one hand I observe a race torpid and benighted, the blood in whose stagnant veins the spirit of freedom has never yet stirred; a people who are the ever patient prey of the usurer, the tax-gatherer and the drill sergeant, and upon whom there weighs the intolerable burden of a gigantic army, a corrupt bureaucracy and a timid autocracy. On the other, behind the veil of the to-come, I behold, as with the eye of faith, an active and intelligent nation, rejoicing in equal rights and contented as a group of American States. Here, in the present, it is a tangible, political, and social system, supported by material forces, the potency of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. There, in the future, formed merely of the phantasmata of natural aspiration is a different order of things, and yet I declare that the hour is at hand when the one system, deep rooted and solid as it seems, shall pass utterly away, and that the other, nebulous as it appears, shall take form and substance, and, so long as it remains in harmony with the genius of the people, possess the place of the present one. For the world is governed by ideas, and not by bayonets. Furthermore, I would have them to understand that I and my fellow propagandists are not, as they may seem, the primal causes of this movement, but the inevitable results of the operation of irresistible forces; and also, that although I have devoted my life to the destruction of the most monstrous anachronism of modern days [which is the motive of my crime— that the responsibility of it rests not with me, but with a government composed of a cannibals who cannot read the signs of the times, or rather will not.

The fifth day after the trial was named for the execution. Immense preparations were made in order that the vast multitude whose presence was expected should be duly impressed, and the daring set of which Volchow was chief, paralyzed with fear.

Permission had been given Judith to see Ivan on the eve of the fatal day, and an interview lasting an hour actually took place. With a wander on each side she was suffered to utter her words of farewell outside his cell, and then touch for a moment through the bars his lips with hers.

On the following morning St. Petersburg was astir, hurrying toward the place where the scaffold was erected. Suddenly at 9 o'clock—the hour when the tumbrel with the condemned should have arrived—a rumor swept through the crowd that something was wrong. The news came that the gallows would not be used that day.

The people dispersed accordingly, furious with the authorities. But it was not so much their fault as that of the principal performer that the show was a fiasco. For Ivan Volchow, in fact, had been found dead in his cell.

It was immediately announced that the malefactor had died of heart complaint in the night, and the statement was confirmed by medical testimony. I do not know if the people were satisfied with this explanation of the occurrence, but I was not. For Ivan Volchow had none of the appearance of a man afflicted with heart disease. My suspicions, however, that the authorities had lied, were never confirmed.

Let me now put back the clock eight and twenty years. It was dark night in January, 1855, and heavy firing was going on in front of the right attack of Sebastopol. For more than an hour those in advanced trenches could hear the shout of triumph and yells of defiance as the Muscovite grappled with his enemy in the gloomy hollow beneath the mighty Malakoff. Then gradually the conflict ceased, and our men returned, bringing with them three prisoners. Among the latter was an officer badly wounded. It was Count T— of the Guards. I assisted him, and from that day we never lost sight of one another.

"You are just the very man I want," I said.

"What can I do for you, cher?"

"I want to know about Ivan Volchow."

"Ah, viola," he replied with a grim smile.

"Yes, Ivan Volchow," I repeated. "He

died suddenly of disease, officially. I want to hear of what he died actually. The third section know everything. You used to belong to it. Tell me."

"The third section don't know everything, nor tell much of what they do know, but there is no reason why I should not satisfy your curiosity on this point now in London. Ivan Volchow died of poison."

I thought as much; administered by whom?"

"Listen. Of all the desperate spirits among these accursed Nihilists, there was none to approach Judith Volchow. It is true that we had no evidence to convict her of any over act, and yet probably there was not one of their diabolical enterprises in which she did not have a hand. When, therefore, she sought a farewell interview with her husband, her prayer was granted in hope that he would be overheard saying something to compromise himself or others. But she let fall nothing of importance, nor even will now, for her death is reported."

"But what has all this to do with Ivan? Surely she did not poison her own husband?"

"Did she not? Who else had any motive to save him from the gallows? Who besides her kissed him upon the lips that night and left within them the capsule of glass containing strychnine, the broken fragments of which were found between his teeth in the morning? Tell me that, if you please, Sir Arthur?"

they might ask for, any song they were taught to sing, each child knowing well that such pains had to be taken before his approval could be won. As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encouraging training.

Then, again, at the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees, and excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on "Twelfth Nights"—the eldest son's birthday—he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his marvellous appearances and disappearances. Of course a plum pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening. It would be almost impossible even to guess how many such puddings have been made since. But surely those made by Charles Dickens must have possessed some special fairy power, no other conjurer being able to put into his puddings all the love, sympathy, fun, and thorough enjoyment which seemed to come from the very hands of this great magician.

Then when supper-time came he would be everywhere at once; carving, cutting the great Twelfth cake, dispensing the bon-bons, proposing toasts, and calling upon first one child and then another for a song or recitation. How eager the little faces looked for each turn to come round, and how they would blush and brighten up when the magician's eyes looked their way!

Brother Shinbones Deals.

From the New York Times.

"Hi, yil ha! ha!" laughed Shinbones Smith as he entered the humble residence of Peter Magaff about 1 o'clock this morning.

"Wha's de maffah, Bruder Shinbones?" asked Peter.

"I been ter Noo Yawk."

And then Shinbones broke down with laughter.

"Jes' you hole yo' breff a minit, chile. I ben to call on Brudder Squeezeout Peabody. When I got dar I found Brudder Wakeup Misery and Brudder Lemuel Potterbury. Dey were playin' pokah. Did you ebber play pokah?"

"Yes, I ben dar," answered Peter, sadly.

"Well, dey axed me fur to play, and I tole 'em dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout de game. Dey 'lowed dat 'twas berry easy fer to larn, an' dey'd show me how to play. Wai, I tuk a hand in. Dey looked at my hand ebbery time, and tole me jes' what ter bet. De funny part av it war dat ebbery time I bet zackly de way dey tole me I got leff."

"Doggone me, Brudder Shinbones," exclaimed Peter, "didn't you know better den ter do dat?"

"Hyar, now, chile, you hole yo' breff till dis hyar niggarr gets frew. Arter we done gone played 'bout an hour, I sez to Brudder Wakeup, who war settin' next to me, sez I 'Brudder Wakeup, I reckon I got dis hyar game 'bout learnt now, so ef you don't mind I'll try to play widout yo' 'sistance."

"Yo'm right welcome, Brudder Shinbones," sez he.

"Let de precession wiggle," sez I ter he, sez I.

"So we played de nex' hand, an' I held two small pair an' bet like de deuce on 'em. Wall, I los' 50 cents. I didn't say nuffin, 'cause de nex' hand war my deal. De way I shuffled dem dar keerds would 'a' made you tired."

"Don't wear out de pack," sez Brudder Lemuel.

"No; but I want ter git 'em well shak up," sez I.

"Wall I dealed de keerds. Brudder Squeezeout he put up de ante. Brudder Wakeup he riz it two, an' Brudder Lemuel he doubled it. I seed 'em an' went 'em foal better. Gorrainhtly! Yo' jes orter seed dem niggarrs open deir eyes an' 'zamine deir hands. Brudder Squeezeout sez he ter me, 'I reckon dat I'll have ter see dat raise an' go yo' one better.' Wall, day went right on round de table raisin' it, an' I stuck right by 'em. Putty soon Brudder Squeezeout begin ter look scairt."

"Brudder Shinbones," sez he, 'yo' got butty good hand, ain't yer?"

"Fair ter middlin, sez I.

"Wal, nex' round," Brudder Squeezeout called me. "I got an ace high," sez I. Den dey all looked s'prised an' Brudder Wakeup had four sixes, an' Brudder Lemuel had four nines. He reached for de pot, but I sez, Hul on dar!"

"Wha's de matter wid yo'?" sez he; 'yo got a ace high."

"Yes," sez I; 'but it am de ace of clubs, an' de odder keerds am de king, queen, jack, an ten o' de same flush!"

"Yo' see, chile, I blayed dat game befoh de wah."

Dickens and His Children.

I do not know how far my own memory may carry me back, but I have no remembrance of my childhood which is not immediately associated with him. He had a wonderful sympathy with children and a wonderfully quick perception of their character and disposition; a most winning and easy way with them, full of fun, but full, also, of a graver sympathy with their many small troubles and perplexities, which made them recognize at once a friend to him.

I have often seen mere babies, who would look at no other stranger present, put out their tiny arms to him with unbounded confidence, or place a small hand in his and trot away with him, quite proud and contented at having found such a companion. And, although with his own children he had sometimes a sterner manner than he had with others, there was not one of them who feared to go to him for help and advice, knowing well that their was no trouble too small or too trivial to claim his attention, and that in him they would always find unvarying justice and love. If any treat had to be asked for, the second little daughter, always a pet of her father's, was pushed into his study by the other children and always returned triumphant.

He wrote special prayers for them as soon as they could speak, interested himself in their lessons, would give prizes for industry, for punctuality, for neat and unblotted copy books. A word of commendation from him was indeed most highly cherished and would set their hearts glowing with pride and pleasure.

His study—to these children—was rather a mysterious and awe-inspiring chamber, and while he was at work nobody was allowed to enter it. The little ones had to pass the door as quietly as possible, and the little tongues left off chattering. But at no time through his busy life was he ever too busy to think of them, to amuse them, or to interest himself in all that concerned them. Ever since I can remember anything, I remember him as the good genius of the house, and as the happy, bright, and funny genius. He had a peculiar tone of voice and a way of speaking for each of the children, who could tell without being called by name, which was the one addressed. He had funny songs which he used to sing to them before they went to bed. One in particular about an old man who caught cold and rheumatism while driving in an omnibus, was a great favorite, and, as it was accompanied by sneezes, coughs, and funny gesticulations, it had to be sung over and over again before the small audience was satisfied.

I can see him now through the mist of years, with a child nearly always on his knee, his bright and beautiful eyes full of life and fun. I can hear his clear and sweet voice, as he sang to those children, as if he had no other occupation in the world but to amuse them. And when they grew older, and were able to act little plays, it was the father himself who was teacher, manager, prompter to these infantine amateurs. And these theatricals were undertaken as earnestly and seriously as were those of the grown-up people. He would teach the children their parts separately—teach them what to do, and how to do it, acting himself for their edification. At one moment he would be the dragon in "Fortunio;" at the next, one of the seven servants; then taking the part of a jockey played by the youngest child, a mere baby, whose little legs had much difficulty to get into the top boots—until he had taken every part in the play.

And before these children were old enough to act regular pieces the same pains were taken about any little charade

they might ask for, any song they were taught to sing, each child knowing well that such pains had to be taken before his approval could be won. As with his grown-up company of actors, so with his juvenile company did his own earnestness and activity work upon them and affect each personally. The shyest and most awkward child would come out quite brilliantly under his patient and always encouraging training.

Then, again, at the juvenile parties he was always the ruling spirit. He had acquired by degrees, and excellent collection of conjuring tricks, and on "Twelfth Nights"—the eldest son's birthday—he would very often, dressed as a magician, give a conjuring entertainment, when a little figure which appeared from a wonderful and mysterious bag, and which was supposed to be a personal friend of the conjurer, would greatly delight the audience by his funny stories, his eccentric voice and way of speaking, and by his marvellous appearances and disappearances. Of course a plum pudding was made in a hat, and was always one of the great successes of the evening. It would be almost impossible even to guess how many such puddings have been made since. But surely those made by Charles Dickens must have possessed some special fairy power, no other conjurer being able to put into his puddings all the love, sympathy, fun, and thorough enjoyment which seemed to come from the very hands of this great magician.

Anecdotes of Lasker.

From L'Evenement.

In 1830 Lasker, then in the flower of his youth, and already celebrated as an orator, became acquainted with Miss Russack, the niece of one of Bismarck's warmest friends. Lasker fell in love with her, and his passion was reciprocated. Miss Russack bade her lover demand her hand of her uncle, who filled for her the place of mother. The uncle refused point-blank, saying he would never consent to give his niece in marriage to a man who was the leader of the opposition to his friend Bismarck—Bismarck, whom he held to be one of the greatest of European statesmen. Franziska—such was the fair girl's name—then declared to her uncle that she would renounce her whole fortune in his favor, provided he would allow her to marry Lasker; but old Russack was immovable in his resolution. However, returning one day from a visit to his friend Bismarck, he sent for the young lawyer and said to him: "I am willing to grant you my niece's hand on one condition, namely, that you pledge yourself to abandon politics altogether and confine yourself hereafter to your profession of lawyer."

Lasker, after a brief interview with the girl, refused.

"We shall wait," he said, "until your niece shall have attained her majority." He did not dare to add "or until your death."

The uncle left Berlin, taking with him his niece Franziska, who died abroad six months later, after having refused the most brilliant offers of marriage approved by her uncle, who even offered to add his own fortune to her own as a dowry.

This is why Edward Lasker never married.

Boys In General.

Robt. J. Bordette.

Cain was the first boy, and all his education depended on his inexperienced parents. There were no other boys in the Republic to teach Cain how to smoke drink, fight, cheat and steal. There were no country relations upon whom little Cain could be inflicted for two or three weeks when his worried parents wanted a little rest. I don't wonder that Cain turned bad. We all have our own boys to look after, as your neighbor has a boy whom you can look after much more closely than his mother can, and much more to your own satisfaction than to the boy's comfort. Your boy is like Adam's boy; he asks questions, and if there is any truth in the old theory of transmigration of souls, when a boy dies he will pass into an interrogation point. The older he grows the more questions he asks. The oldest boy I ever knew was fifty-seven years old, and I went to school to him, and he did ask the longest hardest, crookedest, questions that no boy could answer. And now your boy ceasing to ask questions, begins to answer them, until you stand amazed at the breadth and depth of your knowledge. He wants to be a missionary—or a pirate. So far as he expresses any preference he would rather be a pirate, where there are more chances of making money and fewer fer being devoured.

"CASTORS."

"Oh, my," exclaimed little Edith, upon her first entrance into the roller skating rink, "they're all on casters, ain't they?"

"Lent" is from the Latin "lentus" meaning slow. "Lent" means "fast" about this time of year. This was something a paradox.—Boston Transcript.

There is a woman in Detroit who has not allowed herself to be seen by men for 20 years. Guess it will be perfectly safe for her to come out now.—Burlington Free Press.

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he didn't like the taste of tobacco he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."—Hotel Mail.

Presence of mind:—A lady stepped into the sanctum this morning and said sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let me look at the Christian at Work?" The horse editor blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say: "Certainly, madam; what can I do for you?"—Philadelphia Call.

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few days after marriage. "Pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that very pie and sent it to me."

"I see you are shipping a good deal of prime butter to the city," said a gentleman to a farmer living in the vicinity of New York. "Yes," he replied, "I am doing very well this year." "How many cows do you keep?" "Cows," said the farmer; "I don't keep any cows." "How do you make butter without cows?" was the astonished query. "I guess you don't know much about the dairy business," replied

plied the farmer, somewhat amused: "I am the proprietor of that bone-boiling establishment over there."

Belleville's Boom.

BELLEVILLE, Dak., April 20.—The Northern Pacific Forwarding Company and the Black Hills freighters who had control of the freight going over the New Northern route, to-day finally decided upon Belleville as the terminal point. For several weeks surveying parties have investigated the advantages of various towns, resulting in pronouncing Belleville as the best route. Several parties have already invested \$25,000 in real estate, and contracts for large warehouses, and stores and improvements aggregating \$20,000 have been let. A fast freight express will be put on to make the distance from Belleville to Deadwood in seven days. Four hundred tons of freight is on the way to Belleville and other shipments will commence in ten days.

Important to Land Owners.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—At a meeting of the House committee on public lands to-day Henry, Oates and Strait were appointed on the sub-committee to prepare a bill to repeal the pre-emption and timber culture acts and so amend the homestead laws as to prevent fraudulent entries.

Ordway Will Catch It.

YANKTON, April 20.—The United States grand jury closed its work to-night for the present, though it is understood they will not be discharged. Over thirty indictments have been brought in. Two indictments were found against Geo. Ordway charging him with corruption in county organizations.

Big Money for Stock.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 20.—The annual Kentucky spring horse sales have begun. Two hundred head were sold this week for an aggregate of \$30,000, an average of \$250 each. Next week Woodward and Trassfield offer 250 head of good ones which are expected to bring big prices.

Preference of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—There are upwards of one hundred Republican members of the lower house. In a quiet way the presidential preference (as between Arthur and Blaine) of sixty-nine members have been canvassed, and the result is as follows: Fifty-three prefer Arthur above all other candidates, nine prefer Blaine, five prefer Blaine first and Arthur next, eleven will not say, but have no objection to Arthur. The preference of the other members are not known, but no doubt a complete canvass would develop about the same ratio for the remainder. Such popularity among members is unexampled.

SOCIETY CARDS.

CHATEAU LODGE, No. 11, I. O. O. F.

A regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held on Wednesday evening of each week, at their Lodge room in this city. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend.

CHAS. CRAWFORD, N. G.

JAMES D. IRISH, Secretary.

Professional Cards.

JOHN W. TATTAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Fort Benton, Montana.

Conveyancing a Specialty

Office at County Clerk's Office, Court House building.

J. J. DONNELLY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Fort Benton, Montana.

(Record Building)

Prompt Attention Given to Collections.

M. J. LEAMING,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Fort Benton, Montana.

Office on Franklin street opposite Public School Building

W. H. SETTLE,

SETTLE & SETTLE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

Will practice in all the courts of the territory, buy, sell and convey Real Estate, Mining and Town Property.

Special Collections of all kinds promptly attended

B. LEROY POWERS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Special attention given to collections. Will practice in all of the Courts.

Cow Boys! Attention!

I am manufacturing stock saddles, which I will warrant superior to any advertised as Cheyenne or California saddles, or money refunded. Every saddle warranted to be made of hard wood and of the best California Oak tanned leather. Particular attention paid to the manufacture of fine saddles.